

## Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



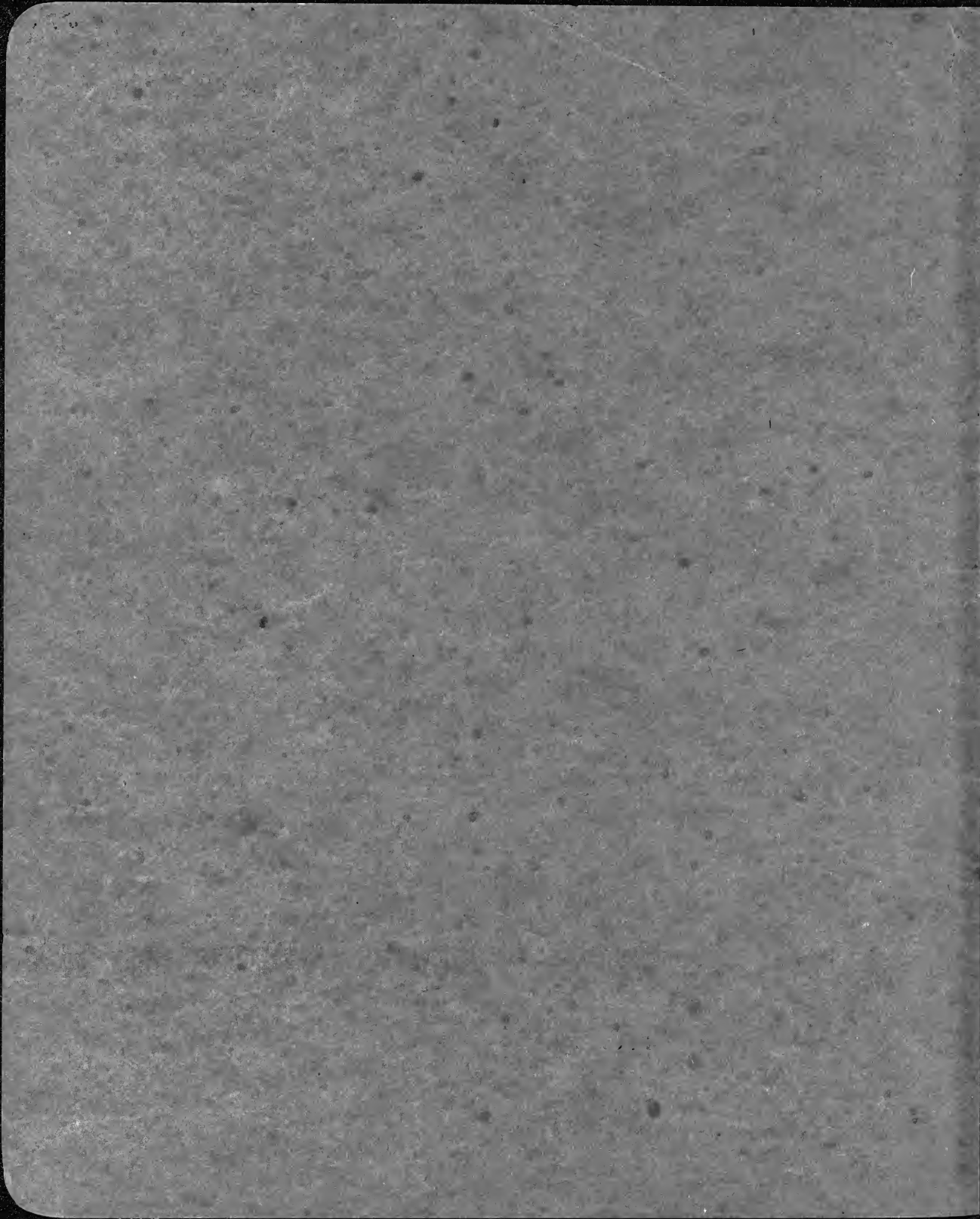
254

p 59b



From 8. 28. '01  
to 12. 7. '01.

J. H. MEDAIRY & CO.,  
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,  
5 N. Howard Street,  
BALTIMORE - MD.



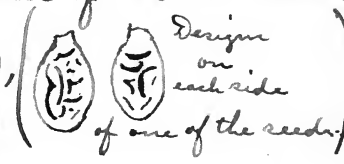
Together

<sup>254</sup>  
Aug. 28, 1901. A trip to Savage on the Washington branch of the B. & O. R.R. We took the 12.15 P.M. train and reached S. about 1 o'clock. The day was clear, and, notwithstanding the wind from the east, was one of the best of the season. The reason for taking the trip was to visit an old river bottom of the Patuxent. We inquired the way and with little difficulty found the place. On our way we passed an old log shanty, now rapidly going to pieces, near it were growing several fine plants of *Symphoricarpos vulgaris* the Indian Currant, also a fine patch of a species of *Viola* with long stems. On <sup>both</sup> ~~either~~ sides of us were large corn fields. The corn was in fine condition, some stalks being fully 10 ft. high. The land is no doubt well suited for its growth; it, too, seems to be the main thing grown. At the spot where we reached the river bottom was a large pond. Nothing new, however, was seen growing here so we went along the quite thickly overgrown swampy part of the old bottom. Here, too, nothing new was observed. On our way we passed an immense Tulip-tree its trunk being more than 6 ft. in diameter at the base. We rested under it, <sup>for</sup> a short time, sitting on the farmer's reaper. How careless most farmers are of their various implements. Here under the branches of the tree

was the reaper and several <sup>exposed</sup> flowers, subjected to the weather,  
 and allowed to rust and rot. As there seemed to be nothing  
 worthy of our attention we returned to the old log hut and finally  
 to a road, which we ~~th~~ believed led to Laurel. On our way to the  
 huts we passed through a very pretty little ravine, in which we came  
 to a fine spring. We walked along the L. road quite a distance  
 finally turning into a road which led across the railroad.  
 Close to the railroad we passed an old dilapidated house  
 surrounded by a garden. In front were the flowers, and in the  
 rear and at the side were the vegetables. We walked in to  
 pay our respects to the inmates of this humble home. The  
 wife, the mother of seven children, was very stout and most slowly  
 in appearance; the husband, weather-worn, had presented a far  
 more genteel appearance. While Mr. W. spoke to the madam I  
 spoke to the master of the place. We spoke about the peaches  
 and their peculiar off-taste, about the cucumbers, and about the  
 squashes. He had growing on his place a pumpkin which he called  
 Chinese pumpkin. He said the seeds came from China and had  
 Chinese letters on them. To prove this assertion he told his little son to  
 bring a bag that still ~~had~~ contained a few of them. When he first

\* Griffith & Turner. Seedmen - seem to think they were marked in a stamping machine. I hardly think this is true.

598

spoke about the Chinese letters, I thought that perhaps the Chinese had really cut their designs on them, but when he said they were also on those of his own raising, I knew that there some other cause would have to explain the markings. The boy now came with the bag, and sure enough on both sides of all the seeds were various marks (no two apparently alike, however),  Some of the marks were quite deeply cut, and very much as if done with a knife, but most of them were not so deep and looked ~~as~~ if they might possibly be done by nature. However, if all what he said is true, it is all very remarkable. He seemed to think they were Chinese letters, for he said, "I don't know what they mean but I've seen them on packages of tea." He gave me a few of the seeds and I shall experiment with them. During our conversation a <sup>photographic</sup> studio-agent from L. came, with several fine photographs and solicited their order. We soon after left and walked down to the railroad tracks. Not far off was the H. ciliani spot Mr. W. had visited several weeks before. We went to this spot, but saw no remains of the plants. We now went back to the station by way of the tracks, stopping at the spring on the north side of the tracks to drink some of its excellent water. Not far off



is the 20 mile mark - a stone <sup>4-sided</sup> prismatic pillar, bearing on one of its sides the inscription in deeply cut letters <sup>Baltimore</sup> 20 miles and on the adjoining face <sup>Washington</sup> 20 miles. When we arrived at the station, we decided to walk to the ~~vally~~ village about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the station. On the way, growing between the tracks I found several plants of *Euphorbia mamill.* It is a neat little *caryophyllaceae* plant. <sup>which is built on a very high hill.</sup> We reached the village, but had very little time to look about. The mill, a very large structure on the Little Patuxent, employs 400 operators. Cotton duck is manufactured. The streets and the houses seem to be kept clean. We were back to the station again by 7 o'clock, our train came on time 7.17 and at 8 o'clock we were again home.

<sup>255</sup>  
September 4, 1901. An afternoon trip with Mr. W. to the ravine. We met at the Batonsville terminus at 2 P. M. We took the route past Glenn's field, now covered with high corn. We commented upon the unwise changing of botanical names after they had become fixed in the minds of many people. Mr. W., however, went to the extreme, that it was perfectly useless to learn any of them for one never knew how long ~~the~~ any of them would remain fixed. "If you wish to have names, give them your own," he said. "If a



person doesn't know the plant by your name, and you are obliged to describe the plant, it is no more than what you would have to do, <sup>should</sup> ~~when~~ you use the botanical names." From the field we went directly to the spring and here we planted the specimen of *Pogonia pendula* sent to Mr. W. by Mrs. S. The plant although out of the ground for about 2 weeks, seemed still thrifty. It had, in fact, sent out several strong shoots. We now visited the marked spots of *Podophyllum peltatum*; not a trace of a plant is to be seen. We crossed the brook and started up the hillside intending to go to the Observatory. When we reached the top, though, we thought it too late so started homeward.

<sup>256</sup>  
September 9, 1901, Left home about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and took a trip across to Westport, then along the south shore of Spring-gardens to the A. & B. S. L. and then home by way of the railroad & the old Amherst Rd. The portion of the old bridge across the cat-tail swamp has now been removed and instead there is a road. Along <sup>the sides of</sup> this new road have grown up many weeds some of them, interesting escapes; one - *Sporaea coccinea*, I was very glad to find. When I reached W. I spent a little time

examining the marsh close to the bridge. Here *Aster tenuifolius* and *A. subulatus*, *Solidago sempervirens*, *Pluchea camphorata* and *Bida marina*, the latter a new find, were in full bloom.

Along the river shore, nothing interesting was found until beyond K's resort. Here in a little depression, at one time, no doubt, an inlet grew a fine lot of *Phragmites communis*. This is a beautiful tall grass and its silky plumes were in all their glory to-day. While collecting specimens of the grass fishermen began hauling in a great seine on the shore. When I came up to them, they were still hauling it in, so I stopped to see what they had caught. Alewives by thousands! I never before have seen so many! In the great swimming mass were a few perch, several crabs, an eel and several very small flounders. The latter are very flat fish. They swim on their side and have therefore both eyes on one side of their body. This side is dark and is uppermost when the fish is in water, the other side is very light. It was now getting dark so I hastened onward, little of interest was afterwards noticed.

257

September 14, 1901. An afternoon trip along the Patuxent from Relay to Orange Grove and then through the ravine.

We met at Camden station and took the 1.20 P.M. train. Arrived at R. and after a brief talk with Mr. W. we started on our trip along the River Rd. Aster, Golden-rod, Bonesets, and Sunflowers are now in all their glory. Our first stop was at the "Gentian Hills". Here we hoped to see the Fringed Gentian well advanced towards blooming. We failed, however to find a single plant. While we were making this search old Mr. S. passed. We learned to-day that he is 72 yrs. old, although he does not <sup>appear so old</sup> look it. In the course of our conversation which was mainly about the shooting of the president, Mr. S. made the following remarks, "Oh, if I could only get at that murderer, I'd show him, and that woman - I'd bite her, - I'd chew her up." We now went up the river a short distance and after examining the Carya amara tree we again returned, got on the road and continued our trip. We now came to the spot where the Catonsville Water Company are building a dam near Avalon. The dam is about half finished - just as we saw it last -; the work on the opposite side, however, has progressed considerably, already the entrance to the tunnel for carrying off the water is finish, as is also the

small tunnel to carry off the overflow. After watching the men at work for a little while we proceeded on our trip. When we came to the place where we had transplanted the Gentians last year and also year before last, we stopped to see if any plants were growing, and sure enough, one plant - a fine one quite filled with buds - was found. We search carefully for more, but none were found. The remainder of our trip was rather hurried as it was growing late. In the ravine, we stopped at our spring and also examined the *Pogonip pendula*, recently transplanted, it is still alive.

<sup>258</sup>  
September 21, 1901. To Glenburnie and Marley. We met at Camden station and took the early train. The morning was beautiful, in fact, ideal. The heavy dew, however, prevented us from walking in the shrubbery. This, however, was no drawback, for we walked for some time along the railroad and when we at last entered the wood it ~~had~~ <sup>was quite dry</sup> ~~been~~. Along our route grew chinquapin in abundance, now ripe and ready to be gathered. A day or two later and it would be too late, but, to-day before reaching the little ravine we wished to enter, we had collected a pocketful. A queer-looking insect with a long beak was frequently seen on the nuts, often with the beak

604.  
A cluster of red birches - a most beautiful group, was commented upon. They stand close to the water on the bank of the stream near the bridge. We hunted in the mud. Before long we reached the ravine where we had planted the *Scutellaria cuneata* seed during the early winter but no trace of plants were noticed. Here, too, we had found *S. Andrewii*, but to-day, it, too, was not seen. After satisfying ourselves that no traces of the plants were to be found we retraced our steps as far as the road to Marby. Close to this road, at the 4th telegraph pole I saw a number of plants, having very much the appearance of *Alströmia parviflora*. I made note of the spot so as to revisit it this next year. It was after 1 o'clock when we reached Marby Bridge and found a suitable spot to eat our lunch. After dinner we went to Rø, borrowed a boat and rowed up the stream. *Nymphaea odorata* were found still in bloom, and a number of pretty specimens were gotten. This I believe is probably the latest I have recorded finding these pretty flowers. After cruising about a little while we returned the boat and started slowly back to the station which we reached about dusk. In half an hour our train arrived & we returned to the city.

253.  
September 25, 1901. A trip alone after 4 P. M. along Keweenaw's

Falls. I took the car to the western end of Balto. St. My first intention was to cross the falls and walk along the west side. But the appearance of that side, on reaching the falls, was so uninviting that I soon changed my plan and decided to walk along the race. Nothing especially of note was noticed until I reached a point opposite the northern end of the quarry (an eye-sore to that side of the falls), here close to a sluice I found my first *Ostrya Virginica*. The *Hop-Hornbeam* recognized at once by its fruit. I tried hard to get a few specimens, for I wished to make comparisons with *Carpinus*, but they were too far out of reach. A short distance farther on and I came to the Edmondson Ave bridge and here I got specimens of *Parthenocissus* leaves. To get these was really the reason of my trip along this <sup>part</sup> of the falls. Several years ago I had already noticed the unusually large size of these leaves on young plants, and it was to answer a query regarding their size that I determined to again look up some young plants and measure some of the leaves. A few of the largest were collected and the following measurements were made #1. width 20 in., entire length 33 in., foot-stalk about 20 in., length of leaf including basal lobes 18½ in.

No. 2. following same order  $21\frac{1}{2}$  in, 32 in,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  in,  $21\frac{1}{4}$  in.

" 3 " " " 29 " , 37 " , 18 " ,  $26\frac{1}{2}$  "

" 4 " " " 28 " , 39 " ,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  "  $26\frac{1}{2}$  "

" 5 " " " 29 " , 40 " , 28 " ,  $24\frac{1}{2}$  " .

No 1. instead of being only  $12 \times 15$  including basal lobes was  $20 \times 18\frac{1}{2}$

" 2 -  $21\frac{1}{2} \times 21\frac{1}{4}$  ; No. 3 -  $29 \times 26\frac{1}{2}$  ; No. 4 -  $28 \times 26\frac{1}{2}$  ; No. 5 -  $29 \times 24\frac{1}{2}$

The leaves in all these cases were broader than long, whereas the typical leaf is longer than broad. Three other leaves were also measured also of young plants these although large <sup>are</sup> were not to be compared with the first five.

No. 6 using same order of measurement  $15\frac{1}{2}$  in, 25 in, 12 in, 17 in.

" 7 " " " " 14  $\frac{3}{4}$  " , 22 " ,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  "  $16\frac{3}{4}$  "

" 8 " " " " 14 " ,  $23\frac{1}{4}$  " ,  $11\frac{3}{4}$  in,  $14\frac{3}{4}$  "

Here the leaves are longer than broad, but <sup>the dimensions are</sup> still not in the same ratios as those of the typical leaf. The <sup>leaf</sup> stalks vary greatly in size <sup>as a rule</sup> the lower the leaf on the ~~stem~~ <sup>branch</sup> the longer the stalk. The lengthening of the stalk bringing the blade in a suitable position to receive light. This unusual size of leaf in young plants is noticed also in other trees. Why this is so perhaps can not be answered so easily. Of course there



young plants having fewer leaves have more space for spreading but whether this is the only cause or whether they result from a number of causes I can not say. After collecting the leaves I crossed the bridge. It was too late to go further so awaited a car and returned home.

269

September 28, 1901. To Alberton. We met at Camden Station. It was our intention to go to Relay and visit our Friend Gentian, but Mr. W. having seen the plant but a few days previously, thought a trip elsewhere might be more judicious as the buds on the Gentian were still far from developed. We decided therefore to go to Alberton, where Mr. W. had seen several <sup>from the cars</sup> plants with pink flowers, but failed to recognize them. <sup>in the</sup> The day was cloudy, threatening rain, we therefore had our umbrellas. We reach A. at 8.20 A.M. and at once crossed the bridge and went to the place where the pink flower grew. They proved to be a species of Phlox, determined later as *P. paniculata*. They are very handsome and delightfully fragrant. Many clusters were done blooming and had already ripened seed, some of which we collected. The entire village of Alberton is owned by James A. Gary. The

name Alberton is derived from Albert, Mr. Gary's middle name. After collecting a few specimens of the Phlox we passed through the village and took the road to Hollyfield. Along the side of this road we passed a number of huge outcrops of rock. On one of these, I believe the most rugged of them all I found a few specimens of that very rare fern *Asplenium Bradleyi*. It is a beautiful little evergreen fern with dark shining stipes. When close to Bens Run we were warned to keep back; we saw the men running and knew that in a few moments we would hear the explosion of a blast. This soon took place, throwing fragments of rock far and wide. It was done by workmen in the B & O, who were removing the rock to straighten the road. At Bens Run we had a conversation with a woman who had eight sons, all of whom had to vote the democratic ticket, she would die first rather than see them vote any other particularly the republican. In talking about the father of James A. Gary, who must have been an inveterate swearer, she made use of the word "billies" "All during that flood" she said, "he played his billies", billiards.

Hollofields not Hollowfields - Hollow as Mr. P. will kindly remember, is  
609 the common name of *Ilex opaca* - before the tramp to the *Lygodium palmatum*  
she meant. We now continued our tramp. We had not  
gone far when we found a nice plant of *Ostrya Virginica*.  
Strange, how after we once know a plant we find it so  
frequently. Here *Ostrya* although sought for, for years was  
not found until on my last trip and here, to-day, on the very  
next tramp, it is found again. To-day I succeeded in  
getting a nice specimen. At ~~Hollo~~fields we saw the  
old house now occupied by a Mr. Fagan, where Washington  
is said to have slept while on his way over the old Fred-  
erick Rd. We commented upon the term "slept", we seldom  
hear that "Here W. stopped" but always slept; surely  
the "Father of his country" must have been an inveterate  
sleeper. At H. the road crossed the river but we decided  
to remain on our side of the river and follow the path to  
Union Dam; and very glad we were that we did so. We had  
not gone far when we came across our 3<sup>d</sup> find for the day  
*Asplenium angustifolium* another rare fern. Unfortunately the  
fronds were all sterile, nevertheless I took several specimens  
for my herbarium. Along this path were innumerable *Papaver*  
plants, so many in fact that we named the path *Papaver-Avenue*.

place - where the men called it Hollow - Hollow -

At one spot we found several of the trees with fruit. We marked the place, intending to visit them again when ripe. The foliage of this plant is still perfect, it does not seem to be eaten by any insects. It is no doubt protected by its most disagreeable odor, almost similar to the urine of cats. Although there were so many trees, only this one small grove ~~was~~ found with fruit. Close to the dam, nearly opposite to where the tunnel is being built we came to a pretty run. Here we ate our dinner.

While eating it began to rain. For some time it was very fine and did not amount to much. But after dinner it began to rain faster and our umbrellas came in handy. After dinner we again started on our tramp and before long reached the dam and the <sup>mill</sup> race. We at first thought we would walk along the race but soon decided to cross the river and go along the railroad. This was easily done below the dam. For the greater part of the afternoon it rained only lightly. At Ellenton City we had our first heavy down pour. It was so heavy that although we at first thought of walking to Ulester that we returned

and after walking along the electric road tracks a short distance took the car for home, which we reached about 7 P. M.

261.

October 4, 1901. A trip to Clifton Park with W. W. I took this trip to get specimens of the leaves of the various species of *Magnolia*. We reached the park about half past four o'clock and proceeded at once to the greenhouses where we hoped to find the superintendent. On our way we stopped to examine the Sugar Maple, the Norway Maple and the English Maple. The Sugar Maples may be distinguished from the Norway; the latter still retains its leaves, whereas those of the former have dropped from the tree for some months. We even reached <sup>the greenhouse</sup> and found Mr. Platten the superintendent. He readily granted permission to get the leaves and directed Mr. Talbot to show us the trees. The park has 11 different kinds of *Magnolia* :- *M. grandiflora*, *M. grandiflora* eximiosa, *M. glauca*, *M. acuminata*, *M. macrophylla*, *M. punctata*, *M. ferruginea*, *M. tripetala*, *M. purpurea* x *M. cilicornea* (greenhouse). The leaves of *grandiflora* are the prettiest of all, of a beautiful dark green & shining above and clothed with a rust-colored tomentum beneath. *M. macrophylla* has the largest leaves, those collected were near 2 ft long and

8 to 10 in. wide. The tree or ~~also~~ <sup>low</sup> M. umbella are called Umbrella trees on account of the appearance of the leaves being clustered at the ends of the branches and spreading in all directions like an umbrella. Mr. P. was very kind and we spent some time with him. At 6 o'clock we finally separated from him and started homeward.

262

October 5, 1901. To Lutherville. Met Mr. W. at Union station, ~~from~~ Here we took the 7.34 A. M. train for L., which we reached about 8 A. M. <sup>As we left the train</sup> Here we noticed that the ground was covered with hoar frost. The sun was shining beautifully but the air was cold and bracing. We started at once for the fields to the west of the railroad. Our trip to-day was to <sup>see if</sup> ~~find~~ *C. cinnita* were in flower. We searched carefully, but but one plant was found. *Aster Novae Angliae* and *Cnicus* ~~multi~~ <sup>multi</sup> ~~muticus~~ <sup>muticus</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> abundant. When we reached the 11 mile point we left the field, crossed the railroad tracks and entered the field on the east. Here we found a nice lot of the *cinnita*. We each took but one flower, thinking <sup>they were</sup> it was safely hidden from all prying eyes. We now walked down towards the spring and were pleased to find the plant scattered throughout the field quite plentifully.

One handsome plant just beginning to bloom had 64 buds. We took a few more flowers then started towards Pimonin. Before reaching P. we found a nice spot to eat our dinner. After dinner we continued our tramp and reached P. Off to the left we saw Chestnut Ridge and started in that direction. Before we reached the ridge we saw that it was getting <sup>too</sup> late so ~~decided~~ decided to return. On our way back we found Hibiscus Pinnatus in a field close to the <sup>P.</sup> station. We now started for L. On the way we passed a gang of workmen ballasting the road. We learned from them that the inspection car would pass over the road in a few days to see if the work was done properly. When asked how they could tell, we were told that they had a machine which recorded every loose joint that was passed over. We were soon within sight of our B. cimite place. What was our surprise to find ahead of us Dr. & Mrs. R., F., and two ladies. We felt then, that the poor plants were doomed. I went over to examine the spot we had thought secure from all intruders. Alas what a sight! The spot which was so beautifully decorated with the pretty flowers this morning, was now, for the most part



trampled down and not a flower was visible. Careful search revealed that 6 insignificant little plants without a flower alone had been left. Going to the main field we found the same condition of affairs, every plant that had a flower was taken. To be the witness of the destruction of these beautiful rare plants made us feel very bad indeed.

From the spring we crossed the fields to York Rd and then proceeded to Pownan, where we took the car for home. Before P. was reached we saw the pretty Catholic church, finely located on the summit of a high hill. It is said to cost \$85000. One thing alone, I think spoils its imposing appearance. It has the letters B.V.M. in large letters on the roof.

<sup>263</sup>  
October 12, 1901. A trip alone to Sherburnie. I left home about 9 A.M.. It was misting so I took an umbrella. The temperature was delightful so I walked. In a corn-field beyond B. a corn-stalk in whose tassel were a number of grains of corn attracted my attention. Such grains, of course, have no protecting sheaths and form no ear. Examples of this kind, show that although the tassel consists generally of staminate flowers only, it sometimes also produces pistillate ones.

Twice on the road I stopped to examine the snail. On account of the damp cloudy weather they had as yet not sought any shady retreat and were found some distance from the road side. In my experiments I noted that their so-called eye stalks (?) behave more like antennae (feelers). A stick placed immediately in front of the creature does not seem to be seen, for it continues its course until its body comes quite in contact with the obstacle. With a small stick one eye-stalk may pass on either side of it, yet the animal continues onward until its head touches the stick before it first notices that it cannot keep on in that particular direction. I stopped next a few moments at Mr. S's and here noted for the first time a fine fig plant. Mr. S says it bears two crops a year the first ripening in June. He thinks the plant has no flowers. I reached Furness Br. about 11 o'clock and entered the swamp on the south side. About four years ago I found here *Aspidium cristatum*, but although I searched for it several times since, I had never again found it. To-day, therefore, I thought I would try again. I searched carefully, and was just about giving it up, when I found the spot. The fertile fronds average about 2 ft. in high and are lower

oblong in outline. They stand bold upright, whereas the sterile  
 frond, hardly half their height lie ~~on~~ the ground. Throughout  
 the swamp; Shunk Cabbage was making its appearance.

In many places I noticed its now ripened fruit. The latter  
 is usually of a dull brown color, hard to <sup>distinguish</sup> detect from  
 the surrounding soil. It breaks readily and is filled with  
 white pulp of a rather mealy consistence. In this pulp are im-  
 bedded the large very hard seeds. The fruit has not the slightest  
 trace of the odor so prominent in the plant, it is in fact odor-  
 less. Throughout the swamp were specimens of *Botrychium*  
*ternatum* var. *oblongum*, Here, too, I found a "slider" ter-  
 rapin (the water-terrapin with the yellow spots on its back) and  
 caught it. I held it a short time in my hand and then let  
 it go. It was now 12 o'clock, so I ate my dinner; after  
 dinner I went to the pond. Nothing particularly important was  
 noticed here. Many of the trees have already changed their color  
 and the place looked beautiful. The swamp maples <sup>are</sup> now in  
 beautiful red and the birches in yellow. Close to H's I plant-  
 ed seeds of *H. Prorin*. After collecting a few leaves I returned  
 to the road and started homeward, arriving there about 6 P.M.

\* Here, too, I saw a small bird, nearly as large as our English sparrow. Its throat  
under side of the body was of a buff color; the wings were black with a lighter  
buff colored bar across them.

264 October 19, 1901. A trip alone to Reley, Orange Grove and the  
Ravine. I left home about 9 A.M. and walked along the B &  
O. R. R. When I started, it was cloudy and the air was raw, but  
before I reached Mt. Winans, the sun shone clear and it gradually  
became warmer, so that in the afternoon it was quite warm.  
Along the railroad I found nothing interesting; when I reached L.  
I left the tracks and crossed the fields to Washington Rd.  
Here, I stopped to examine the *Lygodium*<sup>palustris</sup>. I found the plants  
readily and was fortunate enough to find two plants with  
fruiting pinnae. I was very much pleased with my "finds". I noticed  
that whenever the plant is fruited, the fertile portion is always well  
raised from the ground; in no case have I found fronds trailing on  
the ground fruited. In this same <sup>locality</sup> spot I found also *Aspidium*  
*spinulosum* var. *intermedium* and *Botrychium obliquum* with its  
var. *directum*. The var. *directum*, although plentiful was found  
only in the sterile state. By 12 o'clock I had eaten my lunch  
and was on my way out the road. At 1 o'clock I was at R.  
I crossed the road and walked <sup>along</sup> the River Rd towards C.G. I  
stopped at the Gentian Hills and was pleased to find still 3 plants.  
Later I reached the spot where our plants were growing. It is

a beautiful plant and is now in bloom. I stopped too, to see how the work on the dam, the Catonsville Water Works Co. is building, is progressing. Considerable work has been done since I saw <sup>it</sup> last. They are now digging the trough to divert the water so as to complete the dam. It is said that the dam will back the water up for 2 miles, thus forming a very large lake. I now hastened onward and reached O. G. about 3 P.M. I crossed the river and soon entered the ravine. In the ravine I found *Aplectrum* for the first time since spring. The leaves have not attained their full ~~green~~ growth as yet, showing that they have not been long above ground. When I reached Owl spring I examined the *Pogonia* and found it still growing. *Tipularia* was next examined, it, too, is above ground. From the spring I started for the open field, but seeing a nice path I walked along it. It proved to be a fine path and led to Semivola Ave. I reached the terminus about 5 P.M. and arrived home at 6 P.M.

<sup>265</sup> October, 26, 1901. Met Mr. W. at Camden station at 7.20 A.M. We took the 7.30 train to Landdown. The morning was fresh and frost covered the ground and the foliage. We went at once

toward S. S. Rd and Arbutus. On our way we stopped at the cottage near the spring. It looked as if it was unoccupied, so we stopped to examine it. We learned that the people were just moving out. We met Mrs. Johnson & her son and learned that she was the wife of the playman at the station. We learned that she was 63 yrs. old. She proved quite an interesting and intelligent talker. After leaving her, we next stopped at the station and had a chat with the playman. This poor, ignorant fellow has always been an object of interest to us. We learned again, from him to-day that people die everywhere; and then again that he had never heard of people coming into the world otherwise than naked, that even Adam was naked and Eve. He, too, is absolutely certain that all rich people go to hell. He, too, tried to impress us with the fact that he only was there to keep people <sup>from</sup> crossing the tracks while the train was coming, as if we might think he was there to prevent them at all times. We were very anxious to get his picture, and after he learned that there would be no charges he willingly stood up at the station for it - to have it taken. He anxiously put his hat in better order and smoothed his head so as to look his best. After we had his picture we

started on ~~to~~ to Relay, taking an entirely new route. Running parallel with the railroad and into Francis Av. is a nicely kept road. These two roads we took and finally came to Catonsville Av. and to Relay. From R. we walked ~~up~~ along the railroad tracks to the new bridge (Katherine). We crossed the bridge and found ourselves at S's. home. He, too, is an original character. We found him in his garden and after a little political talk in which he proved to us that no Democrat could enter the kingdom of Heaven, we got him to stand up for his picture. We took two of him, and then started continued on our way up the River Rd. It was now nearly 2 P. M. so, on reaching the branch beyond the new dam we stopped to eat our lunch. After dinner, we went to our certain place and took two pictures of <sup>our plant</sup> it, one a true exposure. The plant is now in full bloom; it had 12 fully expanded flowers. We now continued on our trip. We learned that when the Catonsville Water Co. has finished its dam, which will raise the water 18 ft. many parts of this present River Rd will be overflowed and that a new road will have to be built. As we passed the walking-bef ferns we stopped to examine them and I found



one of the plants with a forking frond. We reached O.S. about 5 P. M. We started up to the ramie but returned again to the station & walked up Hilton Av. The day had been perfect, not a cloud all day and the temperature most delightful. Before we reached the cars, it was dark, but the moon shone brightly, and our tramp during the early evening proved even more enchanting than during the day.

266

October November 2, 1901. A trip to Brooklyn and vicinity with <sup>Bothe</sup> in search for leaves. We left home at 1 P. M. In our search we found a green caterpillar, that has assumed a wonderful protective coloring. The creature is but 2 or 2½ in. long. Close Near the fore part of its body on each side are two large shaded portions which look very much like eyes, particularly so when the insect assumes the attitude it generally does when disturbed. In this attitude it ~~thrusts~~ raises the fore part of its body, <sup>at the same time</sup> ~~contracting its body~~ so as to making this portion somewhat broader than the rest of the body. In this attitude the brown spots are in the right position for eyes and and one would think quite a formidable looking reptile was ready to spring upon <sup>him</sup> ~~you~~. At the same time it emits a disagreeable odor.

I have seen the insect quite frequently. After getting our leaves we went to L<sup>ph</sup>'s greenhouses to see the chrysanthemums, which are now at their best.

<sup>267</sup>  
Nov. 6, 1901. A trip after school to Swynin's Falls. Had hoped to see my transplanted Rue Spleenwort but it grew too dark even before we reached the spot.

<sup>268</sup>  
Nov. 9, 1901. We met at Camden station and took the 7 A.M. train to Round Bay. Our first intention was to go to Glenburnie, but on considering that we had not been to R. B. for so long a time we decided to go there instead. Very glad we were later that we did. We reached R. B. a little before 8 o'clock, and at once planned our trip for the day. We thought we would go to the fossil-bearing banks that Mr. H. had told us about; but before starting we thought we would first visit H's <sup>new</sup> home. We had no trouble finding it. The path we took was new to us and we enjoyed the trip immensely. The house stands on a hillside overlooking the river. The view from it is most beautiful. We were somewhat surprised to notice with what carelessness a fire ax and two good rakes were allowed to remain outside in the open. Having gotten such a good view from the house we decided

to climb the hillside and get a view from the top. We did so and felt well-repaid with our view. On the hillside we found a plant of *Warwamela*. This was quite <sup>surprising</sup> to us, for in none of our trips here before had we found it. We had now reached the top of the hillside. The view was indeed beautiful. As we were about to descend we met a timber-man, who told us of the pretty view from Ruelle's hill. He thought it the prettiest to be had along the river. After hearing this we decided to change our plan for the day and instead of going to the fossil bank go to R's. We were given explicit directions how to find the place & as we set out. Before long we passed Dr. Hayes, he too, gave us points, how to find the spot. The morning was pleasant and before long we reached the hut where we <sup>thought we</sup> were to turn to the right. The house stands a little off from the road and in front of it is a young English walnut tree. This tree retains its leaves somewhat longer than do our native species. One sees at once some similarity to our *J. cinerea*. The bark, however, is much smoother and <sup>rather greener</sup> whiter, in color. Here Mr. W. picked up a pretty hornet's nest, one of the flat variety, which are generally built close to the ground. We were here directed again to R's. On our way we saw

a dove resting on a low branch of a tree. We soon reached the knoll, and here we made our first grand find of the day *Opuntia vulgaris*. Several specimens were found. Descending the hillside we came to a path leading to the river. While walking along this path we observed that <sup>the</sup> Papaw grew here also; later we found it quite plentifully. The view here is very pretty, but seeing a spot farther down stream where we thought a better view might be obtained we walked in that direction. Here we found a long point of land projecting far out into the river. We went out this point as far as we could go. On our way we found a pretty specimen of *Leontine ochroleuca*. It was now nearly 12 o'clock and we both felt hungry so we decided to eat our lunch. It was past one o'clock when we were through our dinner and started to return. Returning we went at once to the railroad tracks and then to the Samacina Swamp where I collected a few specimens for my Wednesday class. It was while looking for these specimens that we made our second find of the day, *Smilax Waltii* (?) with its beautiful red fruit. Our trip through the swamp to get some fine speci-

men of this plant which had grown quite high into the air over a tree proved most interesting and did not look adventurous. *Tipularia discolor* was found growing quite plentifully. One lone specimen of *Aplecton* was also found. We now went down to R. B. hotel. Got a drink of the water, talked with Mr. & Mrs. D. and then again started for the station, where after a wait for nearly an hour we took the train for home. <sup>It was now very dark, to signal the train we lit a large piece of paper.</sup> Our trip from beginning to end had been a most enjoyable one, notwithstanding the cloudy weather we had the greater part of the day. Mr. W. had taken his camera but on acct of the cloudiness could not take a ~~view~~ any of our pretty views. While waiting for our train we heard the sound of wild ducks flying over our heads.

<sup>269</sup>  
November 16, 1901. A short trip alone across the river to Brooklyn and along the Patuxent. On Tuesday, after nearly a month of drought, we had a slight rainfall (.1 inch). Since Wednesday, the temperature has been each day somewhat colder; this morning the thermometer must have registered below freezing for one many of the ponds I noticed a thick coating of ice. I left home about 12 o'clock. Reaching B. I went the regular route to the low land bordering the river. Skunk cabbage is found everywhere. While near the river's bank just a short distance from the first fallen tree I found a nice lot of *Munim*. It was not in fruit.

Here in many places I found *Lycopodium lucidulum* and also *Pip-  
ularia*. Seeing *P.* so frequently, reminded me to visit the marked spots  
of last year. Here, too, I found the plants even more plentiful than  
last year. A short distance from the <sup>partly</sup> overturned tree I found a  
number of extra large specimens. These were marked by tying a  
small inverted cone to a nearby sapling of hickory.

270

November 23, 1901. I met Mr. W. at the terminus at Catonsville at 10 A. M.

During the morning it had been raining, but when we met it had stopped.  
We took our usual route to the ravine passing the old field. We went  
directly to our spring. We found it covered with leaves. Sometime was  
spent clearing away the leaves. We also looked at our *Pogonia pendula*,  
but not a trace of it was visible. It was past 12 o'clock when we  
were through with our work and started onward. We had intended to  
stop at Camp Run and then eat our lunch; but having crossed the brook  
we were some distance past the run before we again thought of the  
matter. We therefore kept on till we reached Candle Camp. Here we  
found a pretty nook close to the cascade and here we ate our dinner.  
A fire was kindled and when it was blazing brightly we sat down to enjoy  
our lunch. We were not seated very long when it began to rain, at first  
lightly, but soon very hard. We staid around our fire until nearly 4 o'clock

when we started homeward. We went first to Orange Grove and then up Hilton Av. This road is awful during rainy weather, being so poorly constructed. Many times I was in danger of losing my rubber shoes, they stuck so tightly in the mud. ~~All~~ Up to now we had been keeping ourselves quite dry, notwithstanding the rain, but now we were getting the full benefit of a strong north-east wind directly against us. In a short time our legs were soaked, and finally our feet although we had rubber-shoes on. When we reached the terminus we were in a pretty soaked condition, we were so wet that we found it more comfortable standing than sitting. I reached home at 7 o'clock.

271

November 29, 1901. We met at the Catonsville terminus at 8 A.M. It was cloudy and felt very much as if we would have snow; the weather report, however, stated that it would be clear. We started over the usual route to the ravine but just as we about to enter the woods, we decided to take the Hilton Av. route; then, seeing the woods off to our left, we thought that for once we might go in that direction. So we crossed the broad open field and entered the woods. We found <sup>the place</sup> ~~them~~ very pretty but it seemed rather thinly wooded. There was a pretty brook <sup>waters with a thin veil of ice</sup> and here and there were fine little camping places. The ground was covered in many places with fine large patches of moss. We now took a south-easterly



by direction and before long came to another (?) brook. It was bordered on either side by large fields; we thought what an excellent place for Gentian. We followed this brook. As we went onward the hills became higher and before long we came in sight of the "Country Home for Children". We now climbed the hill, on our left; <sup>it was</sup> covered with sprouting wheat. We then walked along the top, descending again when we reached the <sup>where we found many large orange</sup> railroad. We were quite pleased with our new trip. When we reached the railroad we descended at once to the road close to the river and went in the direction of Avalon. We soon passed Vineyard and soon after came to the dam now being constructed for the "Catonville Water Co.". Here we were able to cross the river. The dam has already been completed on each side, only in the centre is a narrow gap. This is now to be closed, but to do it the water had to be turned from its course around the dam & through an already completed tunnel. Although <sup>all</sup> work <sup>on it</sup> will now probably be stopped till spring, this part of the work has been done, so we were able to cross the river bed on dry land. When we reached the other side we went along the River Rd a short distance towards Relay. We wished to go to Mr <sup>owner</sup> estate to get a supply of our conical perennials. We climbed the steep hillside and found ourselves some distance from

x I really do not think fruit ripens persimmons.  
629.

11<sup>2</sup>. It was now snowing fast and had been for about half an hour. It was, therefore, hard to see far in the distance, so we wandered about quite a while before we got our bearings, and finally were obliged to confess that we had not been able to find our tree. It was now after 12 o'clock and we were hungry so we descended the hillside again and found a nice camp up one of the narrow ravines. Here we built a fire, cooked coffee and ate our dinner. It was 2 o'clock when we were through dinner and we again started up the hillside, in search of our tree.

This time we found it without trouble. One of the persimmons was pulled from the tree <sup>and tasted</sup> but strange to say, for we have had so much frost <sup>x</sup> there was a slightly astringent taste. The tree was filled with fruit, as it has been for now the 3<sup>rd</sup> yrs. in succession. We concluded to take but a part of the fruit, only that which fell readily from the tree, and which for the most part was fairly free from all astringency, and to leave the rest on the tree for future experiment. The question may be raised: - "Does frost ripen the persimmon?" If it does, this fruit ought to be fully ripe, for we have had more frost this year than last, and last year they were all ripe and no traces of astringency. I think frost prevents them from getting fully ripe, what the fruit needs is plenty of warm sunlight. Last year with plenty of warm weather, the fruit was

ripe. Then again how often are trees found still holding their fruit in mid-winter. Such fruit one would say must be excellent; we find it, however, without exception most satiating. *Note done*

Whereas in the morning we had been several hours looking for our tree, we now found our tree, got the fruit and had descended again to the River Rd. inside of three-quarters of an hour.

On our way back Mr. W. remarked the black appearance of the trunk of our *Betula nigra*. The tree is called the red birch and we had often questioned why the Latin name should be *B. nigra*. No doubt the author described it as seen under such conditions as we to-day saw them.

We hurried onward & reached the car terminus even before 5 o'clock and took the car for home.

<sup>272</sup>  
Dec. 7, 1901. To Glenburnie. We met at Camden station and took the 7 A. M. train. It was very cold, I believe it was the coldest day of this winter. As we walked down the road from Glenburnie our cars ached from the cold and Mr. W. complained that for the first time his big toes felt cold. Our fall thus far has been remarkably cold: - the <sup>mean</sup> av. temp. for Oct was 5° colder than that of Oct for last year, and the mean temp for Nov. was 8° colder than

He said it was for his ducks, that he had many & that they laid many eggs, but that there were seldom fertile and that he had heard he had heard that the eggs of a duck to be properly fertilized the act of copulation must take place in water. Here, too, we saw the dimitted genital organ of a pig (they had killed two the day before) and we were surprised at its length.

that of Nov. last year. In other words that means receiving  $155^{\circ}$  of heat less in Oct and  $240^{\circ}$  less in Nov. or  $395^{\circ}$  less for the two months.

Then again taking the average <sup>mean</sup> temp. for Nov. for the last 31 years, this Nov. was  $4^{\circ}$  colder.

To-day, everything was covered with hoar frost. How beautiful the shrubbery looked, even from a distance there appeared to be cloudy something - a halo-<sup>enveloping</sup> surrounding it!

We went our usual route past the old hut to the branch. Near the old hut I collected a nice supply of winterberries. We then went on to the house of Old Ben who lives on Mr. He's place. We never pass <sup>his place</sup> without having a little chat with him; to-day we found him in his best of humour. To-day he showed us his new spring, told us how he made his wine, took us down into his wine cellar, invited that we should try his different wines and finally invited us into his own bed-chamber. He seems to be perfectly contented with his lot; he gets a pension of \$8 a month, which he says is enough for him, and told us why he had remained a bachelor. In speaking about the lady he was to have married and who afterward married somebody else, in fact was married 3 times and had married her third husband; he thought this was entirely due to the anxious nature of the woman and that he no doubt would now also be dead had he married her.

632.  
\* On our way through this place we saw that he had enclosed a place near the branch with a fence, one side of which was of wire netting and the other sides were made equally secure with corn-bushes arranged perpendicularly & held in position with wire. We speculated on the use of this enclosure and, when we met Mr. H. we asked him. (continued on opp. page.)  
From here we went over to Mr. H's. and after an enjoyable chat with him we went on to the old furnace. On our way we found our old spring. We noticed that it was close to the first pine trees off from the woods. At the old furnace we noticed nothing new; we then crossed the little inlet, it was low tide and there was little trouble, and proceeded a short distance into the woods. To-day the branch was frozen from shore to shore, still not strong enough to bear us. It was now after 12 o'clock, so we decided to eat our dinner. All around us was plenty of wood and in a very short time we had a nice fire. We stayed here quite a time. After dinner we started for Manley bridge and Mrs. R's, poor old woman - we had heard that her house had been burned down. We had not gone far, when we saw smoke, going in that direction we saw two charcoal burners at work. One kiln was burning, and one was nearly completed. We were anxious to see how it was constructed, so climbed to the top by means of the fence steps placed on the side - a piece of wood with notches cut into it. A kiln holds 8 cords of wood. It is piled around in a circle, leaving a circular opening in the centre which extends from bottom to top. As he builds up layer after layer of wood, he puts on the outside first a cover

ing of leaves, then one of sand. He was now topping off the nearly completed one. The entire kiln is completed, but so arranged that a fire in the middle <sup>over</sup> of the hole in the centre may be raised and fire started by throwing fire burning wood into this hole, and then closed. The burning requires 10 to 14 days. Green wood is used. The charcoal-burner lives near his kiln, and for this purpose has built himself a rude hut - wigwam like - out of long pole skeletons on the outside with mud. In this place he eats, sleeps and cooks his meals. On the opposite side from the door is his bed. In front of the bed and towards the right was the stove towards the left was his table and a stool, both made by driving pieces of wood into the ground and placing a board over the top; the bed too, was made in this rude fashion. The smoke from the stove found exit through an opening over the door. He said his home is very dry & very warm, but that he was so troubled <sup>with</sup> by mice. It seems that this is a general complaint throughout the country. We now continued on our way and <sup>in a short time</sup> again found ourselves on the same path we took one day during the summer - the path leading along the branch. It is a much longer route than the one along the road but it is far more interesting. On our way we had several fine opportunities of testing the truth of the theory I advanced in the bulletin of Div. C. of the S. M. B. C. A. A., that

persimmons growing in well-drained soil are sweet, whereas those growing in poorly drained soil are astringent. This same view, we found was also held by Dr. B. whom we later met at the station.

It was about 4 o'clock when we reached Mr. R's. We found the old lady splitting wood for tomorrow's kindling. In place of her house was only a heap of ruins. Twenty dollars which the old lady had saved and had stowed away in her bedding had also been burned up, but Mr. O. the owner of the place kindly gave her an equal amount.

After a little chat we started for E. taking the route through the woods. Just as we passed the little shanty near the church we saw a dog lying on the road-side. Mr. W. had still some bread and thought the dog might eat it. But we found the dog was sick and refused to eat. The poor animal was certainly in a pitiful condition and we thought what a good thing it would be to kill <sup>the</sup> poor animal. We had just been talking to the pleasant colored woman that occupied the house, seeing her now again, we called to her, if it was her dog and what was the matter with him. She said it was her dog and that he was sick. We then asked her why she did not kill him. When she told us "Oh no, we never kill a cat or a dog, it would be bad luck" and that the poor dog - "he will have

to be sick and suffer till he dies". Not far off we noticed that a new house had been built. In a short time we passed it.

By the time we reached the railroad tracks it was becoming dark but as we had nearly an hour and a half to wait for the Train we decided to go down the road a short distance and build another camp-fire. This was soon done. We found such excellent pieces of wood that we had a fine fire. We then sat down and enjoyed it, also the pretty sight of the evening stars. Jupiter is already at considerable distance from Saturn. This beautiful phenomenon in all its fullness as <sup>has been</sup> seen during the latter part of November, in fact, from the will not occur again in 1200 years. We stayed near our fire as long as we could then started for B. On our way we stopped frequently to admire the pretty stars which could be seen most beautifully the atmosphere was so clear. When we reached the station we found that we still had fifteen minutes to wait. Soon Mr. M. came in and shortly afterwards Dr. B. who entertained us till the arrival of our train. The train, was on time, but as the one from B. was late, we were obliged to wait till it arrived before we could start. In a short time it, too, came and then we started for home. We arrived in B. at 7.30 P.M.



